The Trail

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What Ho! Vancouver!

Published by the

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

Elections of the Alumni Association

Nomination forms have been sent to all members in good standing. Members of branches in good standing will receive theirs through the branch secretaries. The forms must be returned not later than March 25 to the Secretary of the Alumni Association, University of Alberta. Attention is called to Section 6 of the Constitution, which reads:

"The Council shall consist of a President, First Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, all of whom shall be residents of the City of Edmonton, in the Province of Alberta, and a Second Vice-President and a Third Vice-President who shall not be residents of the said City of Edmonton, and the Presidents of all the branches of the Association."

It is with deep sorrow that we announce the death of the Honourable Mr. Justice Stuart, Chancellor of the University. The Chancellor died on Friday, March 5, after a long illness. He was one who by the strength of his character won for the University the confidence of people throughout the province; they knew him to be a just man. We who received our degrees from his hands remember the dignity which his presence gave to an occasion which might easily become merely pompous; it was a dignity that belonged to the simplicity of his manner. The University has suffered a great loss. Our sincere sympathy goes out to Mrs. Stuart and her sons in their grief. The present number of the Trail having already been printed, we hope in the next issue to give a fuller account of the late Chancellor's work for the University.

No. 15, March, 1926 THE TRAIL Edmonton, Alberta

PERHAPS there is no more intriguing thought in our day than that of the possibilities which lie before the application of educational methods. If the freedom of the individual is to be maintained, and the construction of a decent and durable social fabric achieved, then there must be training on an unprecedented scale, and more and more weight will be thrust on our leadership.

Certainly, in particular, the development of so-called higher education, during the past few years, has been phenomenal, and no one can predict what the amazing future holds in store. Traditional methods are in crucible, and out of the welter of criticism and research new conceptions of university training are likely to emerge.

Some idea of the task ahead may be glimpsed in the considered statement of President Tory, made recently, when he declared that Canada, in twenty years, will require the services of one hundred thousand highly trained men. Further, that in the United States, despite its widespread educational effort, there are at the present moment positions aplenty in waiting for such men to fill them.

Which leads us to say that a man or woman is no longer considered a specialist, when a first degree has been secured. Do the Alumni appreciate the significance of this fact? More than enough has been heard of the inability of alumni to secure positions on graduation. But are we alive to the necessity for postgraduate studies in all the professions, business included?

AN interesting discussion is going on in Toronto with regard to University athletics. The trouncing defeat of Toronto Varsity by Queen's, in rugby, has opened up the whole question of professional coaching, and the place of athletics in undergraduate life. In Toronto, at present, there is no professional coaching in football. But the open debate which took place in Hart House in December, revealed an overwhelming sentiment in favor of the professional system, the vote being 166 to 85. We were particularly interested, however, in the complaint of the *Toronto Monthly*, in its January issue: "Last month we published a series of questions dealing with the rugby situation at the University of Toronto, and particularly with the question of the appointment of a professional coach. These questions were reprinted in *The Varsity*, and in one of the city dailies." Further, "during the past month the sporting pages of our newspapers have presented many communications upon the question. . . . But not a single alumnus has felt sufficient interest to let the Editor of *The Monthly* have his opinion."

Which brings us to the burden of our heart. The Alberta graduate responsiveness is equally weak. We can think of several reasons. This co-operation business is still in embryo; we don't know how to work together for common ends. University training at the moment inspires few common loyalties; not enough central fire. Life today is a mélange of distracting activities; the Alumni Association is just one more such. That's cynical a bit, but from a thousand readers, only five

used the sheet specially provided for news last July. Not a single contestant for our little competition announced in the last issue. Not even damned with faint praise. But go on!

GOOD work, Vancouver! Your letter just hit the spot. Its spirit is magnificent. We have taken the liberty of publishing, and we hope your good words will be read and pondered by every graduate. It's a long lead you've given. And the news stuff you sent along! The office dawg, when last seen, was headed southwest. Yes, stub tail and black spot on one eye.

THE announcement of the Canadian Northland Resources Prize, given to the University by J. F. K. English, B.A. '23, is one that will give much pleasure to the graduates. We are certain that the University of Alberta will never suffer from a lack of affection and gratitude, and the spirit represented in the bringing of gifts to our Alma Mater is one to which we can all pay homage.

WHERE are the class secretaries? In the thrilling days of May, when to the magic of the spring is added the fever of convocation, there are plans and plans constructed about future gatherings, and what nots; secretaries are appointed with all solemnity and—there seems to be the end of it. Is there no way by which class interest can be maintained? *The Trail* will gladly do its share, but where are the secretaries?

CONVOCATION draws near once again, and already the Alumni Council is considering plans for the event. Let's make it a real, big, live—with plenty other robust adjectives—reunion. But what is your class going to do about it?

IT is gratifying to know that the last issue of *The Trail* almost paid for itself. A word of appreciation is due the advertisers, for their ready response, and our advertising men, Walter Herbert and his able assistant, Max Wershof, for their enterprise and hard work.

AGRICULTURAL CREDIT

By President Tory

[This is the second article by the President on this subject, based upon his recent report to the Canadian government. A concluding article will appear in the next issue.]

In my previous article, I stated the reasons generally given for special forms of credit in the interests of agriculture. These statements were general and have an application to agriculture wherever practised. I propose in this short paper to state as briefly as I can some of the considerations affecting Canadian agriculture which seem to me to make some form of organized credit in the interests of Canadian agriculture necessary. As these considerations were stated very clearly in the Report made to the Dominion Government last year, I think I cannot do better for the balance of this paper than to quote directly from that report.

(1) It should be stated that the prob lem which faces the Canadian farmer to day, especially the western farmer, is a entirely different one from that whic faced him years ago. During the days o early settlement, the best lands in th country were available free, or if one de sired to purchase land privately owned the price was nominal. Land which thirt years ago could be bought for from $3 t $5 per acre today costs $30 to $50 pe acre. In those earlier days the loan com panies were not operating except in very limited way. The chief sources c credit were the implement companies wh furnished machinery on favourable term and the merchants of the towns and vi

lages who furnished the necessary supplies for living. While living expenses may have been proportionately higher, production costs were low, yields were large and only small capital expenditure was necessary. For many years the low cost of land rendered payments for land a comparatively easy matter. All that is now changed. Events in Canada have followed, as was to be expected, the precedent of the United States in the last century and of all other countries at similar times in their history. It was pointed out in last year's report (page 40) that the financial stress began in the United States with the rise of land values. That was the real cause of the call for cheaper money and especially for long term credit. With high land values, mortgages could not be redeemed in a short term of years out of production, unless as the result of very fortunate circumstances. It was this which gave rise to farm tenancy in the United States. Approximately 40 per cent. of the farmers of the United States are now tenant farmers.

Today, the Canadian farmer is finding himself faced with almost identical conditions, if not quite so exaggerated, with regard to the cost of obtaining and equipping a farm, as those described above. In addition, he finds himself in competition in the markets of the world with countries where complete and ample financial organizations have been created for agricultural purposes. For example, in all the countries of Western Europe capital is obtainable at a rate not exceeding 5 per cent. and current money at similar rates. This has been brought about by special legislation in the interest of agriculture. In the United States, under the Farm Loan Board, the farmer who has reasonable security may obtain money for capital expenditure at a rate of from 5 per cent. to 6 per cent. with somewhat corresponding rates for current moneys. There being as yet in Canada no effective public organization of finance for agriculture, the corresponding rates for the Canadian farmer are from 7 per cent. to 8 per cent. in Eastern Canada and from 8 to 10 per cent. in Western Canada, except where co-operative organizations backed by local government support secured a better rate. Without question this is a tremendous handicap to the Canadian farmer especially in the western provinces in competing in the world's market.

(2) What has been said about the cost of obtaining and equipping a farm is also true with respect to the cost of the implements of production and many of the essential commodities of life. This is to a large extent because of our geographical position, so far as Western Canada is concerned, and therefore cannot be avoided except to a limited degree. It nevertheless constitutes a decided handicap to Canadian agriculture in competition for world markets, a competition which will be felt more keenly as Europe revives. The extent of this handicap is difficult to determine, but it is respectfully suggested that for Western Canada on most of the implements of production and many essential commodities, it is not less than 10 per cent. on the retail price. Transportation charges alone would account for the goodly portion of that amount.

(3) The distances from the markets of the world also place the western provinces and to a limited degree the eastern provinces also at a great disadvantage. This has been emphasized in recent years by the virtual closing of the American market to all forms of Canadian farm products so that now more than ever Canada must go to the markets of the world. Nor, would it appear, judging by the temper of the American farmer, that there is the slightest hope of the opening of the American market in the near future. The disadvantage of distance is likely therefore to remain for years to come.

(4) It is hardly necessary to point out that as the Canadian farmer depends to a large extent on foreign markets, he must compete in the open markets of the world and therefore can do but little to regulate the prices of his products, while he must do his purchasing in the regulated market. By this is meant, altogether apart from the much discussed question of a protected market, the person from whom the farmer buys can regulate

his prices to a definite basis of profit, while the farmer's only resource is his ability to reduce his production costs. Into this cost of production all the factors just mentioned enter as well as his skill as a farmer. This statement does not apply with the same force to agricultural communities situated near the great centres of industry in Eastern Canada, but even here as there is no competition for the surplus production, and as our surplus is always great, the price except for perishable products is fixed by world conditions. The statement may, therefore, be taken generally for Canada as a whole.

(5) Further, there is without doubt a considerable number of farmers in Canada who, following the urgent advice, given during the war and after its close, to force production, find themselves greatly embarrassed because of debts due to the high cost of production in 1919-20 followed by the great deflation in price. Left to themselves, as matters now stand, nothing but the most fortunate set of circumstances can put them on their feet again. In Great Britain, where a similar after war problem had to be faced, a special Board of Commissioners was set up in 1923 with power to investigate and, when solvency could be shown, to make necessary loans. Mention is made here of this situation because without doubt the number of otherwise good farmers who may yet be forced out of farming, if no relief is found, is considerable.

(6) Much is being said today about keeping young men on the farm, retaining them on the land in our own country. The truth is that except for the men of the hardy pioneering type who are able and willing to venture on the virgin soil of the northern areas in Canada it is almost impossible for men of limited means to get established as farmers. A certain number of course inherit from their fathers, but for the great majority of the young men of this generation it costs more to get established as farmers, in both money and energy, in any of the older settled parts of Canada than to enter upon either industrial or professional careers. Without question Eastern Canada today is losing some of her best rural human stock, sons and daughters of those who pioneered and made this country what it is, people who brought to the country those simple arts of life which helped them to establish their families and their small communities as social units, because they do not see how they can under present conditions establish themselves in a reasonable time in anything like reasonable comfort. It can be stated without fear of successful contradiction that it is not all the lure of the city and the pleasures of town life that attract our young Canadians to the cities and towns, it is, at least in part, because the occupations offered seem to give a more immediate hope of reasonable prosperity. It is very easy for those living in comparative affluence, to say that young men should do as their fathers did; the truth is their fathers had no alternative offered of the kind offered by the centres of industry today.

What has just been stated applies not only to Eastern Canada but to Western Canada as well. Land within easy reach of transportation must be paid for someway, and it costs money and energy to secure it. To put the above aspect of the matter on no higher basis than that of personal advantage it is in the interest of every business organization, industrial establishment and financial corporation in this country that a way should be found to offer the young people of Canada such a reasonable chance of success in the country that they will desire to establish themselves as farmers.

(7) Without question the facts already stated have also a definite relation to the ultimate success of any immigration scheme which may be put into operation. Certainly, from an immigration point of view, Canada has great advantages in comparison with other British dominions in at least three particulars. One is her nearness to the centres of the world's population; second, the absence of inferior races already occupying her territory; and, third, the fact that the railways already penetrate into most of the country suitable for settlement. On the other hand, in everyone of the other dominions, immigrants are met with fully

organized settlement schemes by which the thrifty settler may secure financial assistance, on a long term payment basis, making possible from the very beginning the founding of a home. The purpose of such schemes is to make the road to rural settlement as easy as possible, consistent with reasonable security for assistance granted. This is done in recognition of the fact that the permanent settlement of people in the country, the only basis of prosperity in an agricultural country, is always difficult to accomplish and equally difficult to maintain.

The work done under the Soldiers' Settlement Board is the only effort in Canada of a corresponding nature. It need hardly be pointed out that the work of that body would have been much more difficult of accomplishment, if instead of the thirty-year loan at 5 per cent., a five-year loan at 8 per cent. had been substituted.

Considering only the items mentioned above and omitting for the moment the climatic and other natural difficulties, it is suggested that the combination of these handicaps makes the problem of the building up in Canada, and especially in Western Canada, of a successful and contented agricultural community a difficult one. I have discussed the problem with many business men both in the East and in the West, men who know the difficulties associated with the building up of successful business enterprises, and I have not met one who would say that he believed that any business, farming or other, which did not have the advantage of a protected market or of patent rights which in some measure gave a monopoly, could continue to prosper paying 8 per cent. to 10 per cent. for capital and a like amount for current borrowings. With this opinion my own judgment is in complete agreement. The only institutions of which I have knowledge, which have succeeded in so doing, have been the great financial organizations.

Now it is quite clear that in some of the matters mentioned above, it is not possible to exercise control, but it is directly and definitely possible by the better organization of credit to remove the joint handicap of high interest rates and the short mortgage. There is no hesitation in saying that, if this were done and interest rates reduced to be on a par with competing countries with respect especially to capital expenditure, combining low interest rates with the amortized mortgage, thus removing the chief handicap associated with credit, it would go a long way towards stabilizing agriculture. It is respectfully suggested that this is a matter of such great importance that it should not be approached merely from the standpoint of the relation of the borrower and the lending organizations alone but from the broader standpoint of Canadian prosperity as a whole; for without prosperous agriculture we cannot have a prosperous country.

Before entering into a discussion of possible plans for financing agriculture, I venture the suggestion that what is needed in Canada is a financial institution definitely designed to deal with agricultural problems. Modern science and modern machinery have made agriculture a major business in every country suited to agricultural development. Capital, experience and education, not dreamed of even half a century ago are now required to ensure success. The day of the peasant farmer with his hand-made implements and his home industries is gone forever, at least, in Anglo-Saxon countries. We have passed into what, for want of a better name, may be called the business stage of agriculture. This business can no longer be handled by institutions designed for other purposes and which regard agriculture as a side line. Take, for example, the United States of America. When it is recalled that the average value of the field crops alone for the years 1900 to 1910 was approximately $8,000,000,000 annually, and that it is now over $10,000,000,000 annually, one surely understands why it was necessary to reconstruct their thinking with respect to financial methods and why a comprehensive scheme was organized. Previously this financial machinery was concerned mainly with the handling of the products of the farm; the newer financial schemes are now facing definitely the

problem of safely financing production and by using wisdom and knowledge in placing capital, forcing better methods of production. Similar institutions have come in all advanced countries both with regard to mortgage and current business. These institutions have called into their service some of the ablest men in finance, associating with them expert agriculturists, for the purpose of properly directing their energies.

In Canada we have invested in lands under occupation approximately $2,250,000,000, upon which there is live stock valued at about $1,000,000,000. In addition, the average crop production for the five years ending 1923 was $1,230,000,000. It is respectfully suggested that the time has come for the creation of financial organizations which will think in the terms of this industry, aiming specifically and definitely and without excuse to meet its needs, free from the constant lure of other semi-speculative financial activities.

The next article will be devoted to a statement of the method by which it is hoped Agricultural Credit may be established.

THE MEMORIAL ORGAN

Now that the Memorial Organ has been installed in Convocation Hall a definite policy has been established for the use of it. A University organist has been appointed in the person of Mr. L. H. Nichols to play the organ on state occasions and on Sundays. Mr. Nichols is also giving weekly half-hour recitals on Mondays at 4:15 p.m., which are designed to encourage appreciation of organ music.

The Board of Governors of the University has, in addition, appointed a small committee known as the Organ Committee to supervise the organ and to arrange for its use by local organists at recitals to be given monthly on Sunday afternoons at four o'clock. All are invited to any of these recitals and admission is free in connection with the Monday programmes, but a silver collection is taken at the door on Sunday afternoons. This committee is also on the alert to secure any organists of note from time to time who may be making tours in this part of the country, and arrangements have already been made to have Dr. Ernest McMillan, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, on the evening of March 1st next. There will be an admission charge at these recitals to defray expenses, and also, if possible, to add to the organ fund, which is not yet complete.

THE UNIVERSITY ORGANIST

The recent appointment by the Board of Governors of L. H. Nichols, of the Dept. of Physics, to the position of University Organist, is one that has met with widespread approval. The University is fortunate in having on its staff such a capable musician, and those acquainted with the task of raising the memorial fund will not soon forget his enthusiasm and consistent hard work.

Mr. Nichols began his musical study under Dr. P. J. Illsley, organist of St. George's Church, in Montreal, under whom he practised for twelve years, act-

ing in the capacity of assistant organist a large percentage of the time. Later, he became organist and choirmaster of Douglas Methodist Church in Montreal. There, and at other churches, he played until the outbreak of the war, when he enlisted. At the conclusion of the war, Mr. Nichols returned to Montreal, and then, in the autumn of 1922, came to the University of Alberta as lecturer in Physics. Since that time he has been organist of Knox Presbyterian Church for almost two years, as well as being a motive force in musical endeavor in the Glee Club and in other Varsity activities.

Alumni news must come from the Alumni. It is *so* difficult to manufacture.

Help keep the graduates in employment. It's been a bad year for treasurers.

CAMPUS NOTES

A prize has been offered to the University by J. F. K. English, B.A. '23, for an essay dealing with the resources of Northern Canada. The prize will be offered annually, and will be of the value of $25.00.

The territory of investigation is that lying north of the 55th parallel of latitude, between the west shore of the Hudson's Bay and the Rocky Mountains. The competition is only open to undergraduates of the University, whose work has taken them north of the 55th parallel. The subject of the essay, which is not to exceed 8,000 words, is left to the choice of the competitors, but the material of the essay must, in part, be based on actual observation made in the field. The prize as announced is to be called the Canadian Northland Resources Prize.

The gown has reappeared. After some hectic months, the senior class decided to adopt the traditional garb of the student, and they are now being worn to lectures. Most of us, at one time or another, have argued violently on the question. Many, too, will recall the famous gown that Van Petten wore, consisting of the shoulder piece, and some charred tatters to go on with.

The memorial tablet is now in place in the entrance corridor to Convocation Hall.

Harry Lister is still on the job; a little stouter he is, but the same foot motion prevails. Harry confessed to us this year that he didn't like to stay away from the place very long; he felt it was in his blood. We've heard a deal about Varsity tradition of late. Harry isn't so old yet, but we rather think he has made a few, and the best one is himself.

The Gateway this year sets a high water-mark in the adventurous history of undergraduate journalism. It is now a six-page weekly, with special supplements, on occasion, and the issues have been uniformly good. The sanctum of the lions is in the south-east corner, first floor Arts, where the extension department in its childhood used to reside, and a whiff of the editorial tobacco fumes is witness to the enthusiasm and travail of the staff. Criticism could easily be made of the undergraduate paper, but *The Trail* is too conscious of its youth, and the difficulties thereof, to attempt such enterprise.

It will be a matter of regret to the graduates to learn that the University Registrar, owing to illness, has been unable to be on duty this year. Mr. Race is at present in Victoria, B.C., under doctor's orders, and will not likely return until next summer. Mail will reach him c|o the University.

Debating is much to the fore these days, and that is a sign of good health. The long looked for international debate is to be held Thursday, February 25, in the Empire theatre, when Alberta debates against a powerful British team, upholding the negative end of the resolution, "That western civilization is becoming a degenerating influence on mankind." The invading debaters are: R. Nunn May, University of Birmingham; T. P. MacDonald, Edinburgh University; Paul Reed, University of London, and A. H.

E. Molson, president of the Oxford Union. Alberta will be represented by J. S. Manson, Agric. '27; C. Campbell, B.A. '24, the latest Rhodes Scholar; and lastly, W. B. Herbert, B.A. '23, of *The Trail* staff. Campbell and Herbert graduate in law this year.

Functionally speaking, the University is very much alive this year. The bewildering panorama of dinners, dances, concerts and meetings fairly leaves the spectator breathless. The main hall of the Arts building is rarely without the tables of the money changers, and the notice boards shout advertisement in all colors. We sometimes wonder!

A covered skating rink, with seating capacity of 1,500, and an ice surface 80 ft. x 180 ft., is a recent and ambitious project of the student body. Plans have been drawn up, and it is expected that means of financing will soon be discovered.

RETROSPECTION

By "Copain '22"

It was autumn, and the tourist season was over. In a way, I was very glad of it. There are times when solitude is a boon.

The little village of Villers-Bretonneux had not entirely recovered from past ruinous days. On its outskirts I stopped to look at some brick walls, half demolished, much chipped and dented, surmounting a heap of debris. True, I had never seen that house before, yet few sights could seem more familiar.

I walked about a mile along the little cobble-stone road and paused again. Before me on the left a little wood warmed its autumn tints in the bright morning sunshine; on the right were brown, bare-looking fields; and not far away an old peasant and his family plodded slowly along, stooping continually, and piling the sugar-beets in neat, regular piles. Beyond, in a little enclosure, stood the rows of gleaming white tombstones, one of which I had come to find. Crucifix Corner Cemetery—I read the name on the lit-the signboard hanging on the fence.

Behind each row of little wooden crosses, already weatherworn and waiting to be removed, was a trench, in which, slightly leaning, stood the tombstones, soon to stand erect and silent in their ranks. There was J——'s tombstone, with his rank, his name, the number of his battalion and a date, and beneath the brief sentence, "Faithful even unto Death." I thought of his early successes in life, the hopes of his family before the war, then the eager light in his eye when I saw him last, and the news months later of that last victorious rush and his death-wound. Here was the end of the tale: "Faithful even unto Death."

The care taker was working there alone with his shovel. I encouraged him to talk. He spoke of his recent leave in England and conditions there, then of his work. He was sorry the green grass had to be cut up so badly with the digging, and looked regretfully at the withering flowers on the graves. Ah, well, next year all would be blooming and beautiful. On the large block of polished granite at the end of the cemetery were the words, "Their names shall live forever." I read them and pondered for a while, then turned to look at the peasants and the woods. It was the harvest season — the season of falling leaves.

Passing through Albert, I stopped, of course, to look at the church. Around it the workaday world had effaced the last traces of war, but the quaint old ruin still stood as it was at the end—more battered, more picturesque than when last I saw it. Long ago the famous Leaning Virgin was hurled to destruction, and her tower overthrown; the troops over whom she bent with a parting benediction had gone on to victory, and the tramp of their marching had died

away into silence. Within, the gilt of the inscription "Adoramus" still shone, faint but untarnished, and the fading saints on the walls turned serene faces to the sunshine and the storm.

With memories crowding upon me, I walked along the Albert Baupaume Road. First there was La Boiselle, to us merely a name and a map location, now a village, with nothing but a Nissen hut to add a foreign touch. But on the left was the little mine crater. On the right, too, was the big crater, just the same as ever—but no, not quite the same; on its chalky side stood a sign-board erected by the French government threatening with the penalties of the law of December 31, 1913, anyone who should remove anything, deposit rubbish or in any way deface the scenery.

Then there was Pozières. In our day nothing but a few bare sticks of trees marked its location, though once I caught sight of a little broken brick in the bottom of a shell-hole. Now it was restored apparently brick by brick and house by house, exactly as it was before, like most of the villages in the war area. At the inn a few old soldiers in the employ of the British War Graves Commission, everywhere in evidence, gathered to sing the old songs and toast the good-fellowship of the old days and the prosperity of those to come.

Beyond Pozières stood the old shell-riddled sugar refinery. Courcelette seemed to be restored in its entirety, but beyond it trenches and shell-holes were being filled, and scraps of corrugated iron, barbed wire and equipment lay in little piles and bales on the side of the road.

There are monuments, to be sure. One sees them everywhere. In that district there were the Tank Memorial, the Canadian Memorial, and the Adanac Memorial, all fine monuments. But I was more interested in finding old landmarks and looking over the country, and pre-occupied with memories. There was a particularly vivid one of an evening on the Albert-Baupaume Road when guns thundered and flashed on all sides. The infantry were marching cheerily forward, singing "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," while on the other side of the road came back a long procession of stretcher-bearers carrying bandaged, blanketed, still figures. Somehow, as I walked along that road again the thought of monuments of stone seemed utterly foreign and incongruous. It is a mere personal prejudice; I know how others appreciate them.

I tramped over Vimy Ridge in the early hours of a dark and rainy morning, and could see very little. At Thelus I asked a passerby the whereabouts of the Canadian Memorial. He said there was a monument of some kind a little farther along the road—he did not know what it represented. I saw its outline, but could not read the inscription, and my time was too short to linger or return.

The view from the top of the ridge and a long tramp through Mount St. Eloi and the country beyond it are for another season. It is most pleasant to return to some of those villages: one receives such a welcome—well, anyone who knows the people can tell you what a welcome they give!

I did not stay long to inspect the famous buildings of Ypres. Few buildings in the process of construction or reconstruction are very inspiring. The Menin Road, too, was being repaired extensively, but the street I followed was entirely restored; little children played on the door-steps, and on the pavement were chalk-marks for a game of hop-scotch or something like it.

Beyond Ypres a short distance along the Zonnebeke Road I came at last to the pill-boxes. Grim survivors of thunderous days! How many scurrying humans found shelter from an awful tempest within their dingy chambers, and departed with no regret. Stout defenders of the Established Order of Things—they always protected with their massive strength the occupants of the hour, whatever the color of their coats. And now behold them friendless, defiant usurpers of the peasants' beet land. "But what can defy Time?" Already their tops were beginning to crumble and spindling grass and weeds fed meagrely on their ruin.

Near a cross-road sat—and doubtless still sits—Tank 36, battered and rusty. Grim monster, creature and symbol, it seems to me, of something primordial in humanity, nay, in the universe—there it squats and dozes. And right on its ugly brown nose was pasted a notice, in ornate Flemish characters, of a Socialist meeting. I smile yet to think of it.

On to Zonnebeke I walked, looking eagerly for our old pill-box. There was nothing I wanted so much as just to stand for a while in that old pill-box. But it was gone, and on its very foundation stood a brick house. A boy who lived there spoke excitedly in mixed French, Flemish and English about what they found there when they returned to build the house. Well, I knew what they found. It was no summer shower that churned the mud round about and swept the road and cracked that pill-box over our heads!

From the central square with the large new church on one side and the municipal hall on the other the village of Passchendaele stretched out along the cobbled roads its long rows of neat brick houses, and looked contentedly settled and prosperous. At first sight, one might think that the most tragic chapter of its past had been completely erased. But behind it there is the cemetery—the largest I had seen—and not far away is the Canadian Garden, where I spent my final hour.

Every tree, every plant in the garden is Canadian, transplanted or grown from Canadian seed, and carefully tended. In the summer it must be beautiful, with the promise of still greater beauty in the years to come. What more fitting memorial could there be than this little bit of Canada blossoming in a foreign land?

Everything in the surroundings there was eloquent of peace. Nearby, the bricklayers were busy on a new house; high above the clustering buildings in the centre of the village rose the church tower, pointing skyward, the peasants bent to their labours in the fertile fields, and all the landscape was warm with the mellow glow of the Flemish sunlight.

But I had to hurry away to catch my train.

MURDER ON THE CAMPUS

It was after midnight. A shot rang out across the cabbage-field behind Athabasca Hall; then another shot and groans and cries for help. Little groups of half-dressed students came from the buildings and made their way to the scene of violence. The snow showed unmistakable marks of a struggle. A torn purse spoke of robbery. Drops of blood marked the tracks of the wounded man, and the murderer's footsteps could be seen clearly in the moonlight leading in the opposite direction.

The detectives noted all this (four of them had come on the scene). This was a desperate case, and so they called out all the police who were on duty. They made a record run. Some of the students were inclined to look on the whole affair as a practical joke. One of them even picked up a handful of red-stained snow and said, "This looks pretty thin for blood, if you ask me." But a detective pooh-poohed the fancy: "It's always thin when it first comes out." Policemen and detectives soon trooped off on the trail of the murdered man.

In the meanwhile, the murderer and his victim were safe in the dormitory. They saw their pursuers trailing off into the bush and over the playing-fields. Then they made their mistake: they gave away the joke. It is said that the police were angry. Somebody has described the event as a hundred per cent. "horse"—on the students, on the police force, and on the jokers themselves. For, it must be known, the two jokers were arraigned before the police magistrate and before the Students' Court. Fortunately, the police magistrate recognized a good joke, and dismissed the prisoners with a warning. The Students' Court dismissed them with stern and solemn reprimands.

Naturally, most of the University was highly amused at the exploit, and pleased at a display of originality which some claimed the students did not possess. Many stories of the eventful night are going the rounds. Even some of the details we have narrated may be legendary, although many say they are true. The

Gateway had some good bits about it, which we reproduce here.

Big Cop: "That's blood, that's blood! Am I right, am I right?"
Bill Gross; "Yes; but if you were a little smaller you'd be awful wrong!"

Bob and Art, to have some fun,
Staged a murder and away they run;
They both ran east, they thought it best,
And the damfool cops, they all run west.

COMMOTION ON THE CAMPUS.
W. H. Cassels.

On Campus when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And students coming from the show
Were unprepared for tragedy.

But Campus showed another sight,
When shots rang out at dead of night,
And yells and groans caused great affright
To students rousing rapidly.

By match and flashlight fast arrayed,
Police and students, sore dismayed,
To solve the mystery essayed,
With pulses thumping nervously.

Then shook the boys with panic riven;
Then surged the cops by duty driven;
By each and all alarm is given
Of murder at the Varsity.

Detectives on the spot appear
Who think red ink is bloody smear,
With desperado lurking near
To be encountered warily.

Fierce swells their wrath; they will not fail
This second murderer to nail,
Ere morn they'll have him safe in jail.
This is their opportunity.

But fiercer yet their wrath shall swell.
Two students boldly come and tell
They faked the murder. Faked it well!
Their names shall live in history.

THE PINK LOLLIPOP

By GEORGINA H. THOMSON

It was the last day of school, and Mary Belle had been permitted to dress for the occasion. She wore her best frock of white, with the tucked yoke and the fine embroidery frill, and her very biggest, newest, pink hair-ribbon. Moreover, she had been given a penny to spend on candy, and a penny meant more to Mary Belle than it does to boys and girls today. She walked primly along the board sidewalk with the penny clasped tightly in her hand, for she knew a way that pennies had of rolling away from unwary owners and cunningly disappearing down the cracks of just such sidewalks.

On ordinary days she always took the short-cut through the orchard, and loitered as long as she dared at the swing or the big stone-pile. But today such delights were not in keeping with her starched dignity. Besides, the holidays were coming when she could swing to her heart's content, or play house with her dolls on the stone-pile, with acorns for cups and saucers.

Halfway to school, she stopped at Chapman's store, and stood on tiptoe to peer into the glass-covered candy counter. After much deliberation, she chose a rose-pink lollipop that lay half-concealed beneath its commoner black, brown and yellow brothers. It was some time before the short-sighted Mr. Chapman could get his eye on her choice, so that she had to run the rest of the way to school, and had time for only a few delicious licks before the bell rang.

She lined up with the others, marked time industriously, and marched down the dim hall to the door where Miss Pringle waited for her flock. The lolli-

pop was kept well out of sight, and hastily stuck far back in the desk as soon as she arrived there. Then she sat at attention, eyes front, hands demurely clasped on the desk in front of her, while Miss Pringle explained the afternoon's programme.

They were to have a reading test. The pupils would go in turn to Miss McPherson's room and read the passage selected by her, and their promotion would depend in part on this performance.

A nervous quiver ran down the room. It was common talk that Miss McPherson was cross—not like Miss Pringle, who always smiled and understood and wore flowers in her belt. Flowers and Miss Pringle went naturally together, so that small boys and girls delighted in taking her nosegays. One little chap, whose mother did not have a garden, had once taken her a bouquet of dandelions, and when the other children laughed, Miss Pringle had smiled and thanked him and worn them all morning.

Now, she said, she would read them stories while the test was going on. As the classes were all over for the term, the children need not return to the room after they had read, but might go directly home, and she hoped they would all have a happy holiday. The children smiled back and chanted politely, "Thank you, Miss Pringle."

Then, at a sign from the teacher, the first little girl in the row by the door rose and tiptoed anxiously out, and Miss Pringle began a story. As the story went on, the audience kept getting smaller and smaller, like the ten little nigger boys, Mary Belle thought.

At last her turn came, and she clutched her reader and tiptoed out as the others had done. Miss McPherson sat at the door of her room so that she could keep her eye on her own class, who were writing an examination. Mary Belle sighed with relief when she found that she was to read in the hall and not in front of a strange class, and she fairly beamed when Miss McPherson chose for the test, "What does little birdie say—". It was a favorite lesson, and she forgot all about being nervous. Miss McPherson smiled and did not seem a bit cross. When it was all over, Mary Belle started gaily for home, thrilled by the thought that the long-looked-for holidays had come at last.

As she passed Chapman's store, a horrid thought struck her—"The pink lollipop!" It was still reposing in the dark recesses of her desk. She couldn't, she simply couldn't leave it there all through the holidays. She retraced her steps slowly. Se did not like to disturb the class to get in. She must wait till they had all gone.

She watched them leave one by one. Now, she thought, they must all be gone, but she would wait a little while to make sure.

On the other side of the door, Miss Pringle stood and faced the empty seats. How very still the room was! Yesterday the constant stir and scraping of feet and occasional whisper had annoyed her. Now, a strange loneliness came over her, and a great longing to see the children back in their accustomed places. Next term they would go on to the next room and never give her a second thought. How glad they had all been to get away! That was natural, of course, but what a dreary business it was, always staying behind and saying goodbye while others went on. She wondered if they cared at all. If only one of them would come back to say goodbye!

The door squeaked, and Miss Pringle hastily wiped her eyes. Then she saw Mary Belle, and she felt that her wish was answered. The child advanced timidly, and Miss Pringle went to meet her.

"You did come back!" she cried with an almost fierce tenderness. Mary Belle looked up wonderingly; teacher had been crying. How funny to cry when the holidays were just beginning! Mary Belle knew only one remedy for tears. She lifted her face to Miss Pringle's, put her arms around her neck, and gave her a good hug and kiss. The woman caught her to her almost hungrily, and in that moment the loneliness and bitter sense of

futility dropped from her. She had her reward.

Mary Belle did not understand what it was all about, but she felt dimly that it was not a time to mention lollipops. When Miss Pringle released her, she withdrew shyly and turned to go. Then Miss Pringle had an inspiration. "Wait a minute," she cried. She felt hastily in her purse and drew out a silver coin. "Here is something to buy candy with," she said.

Mary Belle stared with round, incredulous eyes, gasped her thanks, and hurried off to Chapman's store. A few days later, the janitor swept the pink lollipop into the wastepaper basket.

SAINT JOAN

H. R. Leaver

Bernard Shaw's play, St. Joan, which was presented to Edmonton audiences last week, demonstrates the truth that the world is but an oyster. The opening of this particular bivalve has revealed the pearl uncorrupted by time. Our modern consciousness condemns the ecclesiastic intolerance as well as the feudal political necessity which brought about such a catastrophe, but these are essential, or we lost sight of the pearl.

One's impressions of the play are not single, isolated thrills; in fact, they are not impressions, nor experiences, for the consciousness does not pose in a detached sort of way and ponder on accompaniments which trail along in the shadow of mental life. The play is life itself. You find yourself fighting Joan's cause with the squire, with the Dauphin, with the captain. You discover yourself railing at the hierarchy for their crass stupidity at the Trial. You hear the voices of your own particular saints. Life bubbles up as at the Pool of Bethesda, and you are hilarious at the opportunity offered you to step down from the highway of industry and let this fountain of inspiration bathe your being.

Shaw's limitation is his refusal to lower his head to the level of the Pool. You feel something of the tremendous as at Oedipus Tyrannus or at Macbeth, but there is Shaw stalking through your play and you want to order him off. There is greatness in the scene, but the workman is discovered at the side. There is the spirited march of dialogue, but Shaw carries the drum at the head.

After personal recollection, Joan is fading in distinctness of outline. She is becoming a voice only. Warwick is stupendous. He is so essentially feudal, so English, so debonair, so detached from the whirl of the proceedings. That wave of the hand and that hurry of accent at the end of the speeches are but fringes, yet they indicate the pattern.

Critics have mentioned Shaw's name in the same breath with Shakespeare's. They claim that the greater the reality the less the rhetoric. We have yet to learn from the dramatic purist where that society lives which has divorced from its mental habitations, poesy and dreams and their concomitants, rhetoric and figure. Realism in drama may go hand in hand with imitation, but the neglect of the poetic excellences is a neglect of the greater phenomena of life.

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THE LITERARY JACKPOT

The Mystery of John Jasper, by H. R. Leaver (Capital City Press, Edmonton). —Every now and then we have a Dickens revival. In each new generation of readers his name is a rallying point for little coteries of enthusiasts, where the problems of his style, his originals, his personality, are discussed afresh. One of the most intriguing of these problems is his unfinished story, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," which is the basis of Mr. Leaver's book of narrative verse.

Two things seem clearly to point to this production as a long-cherished aspiration; first, one cannot write blank verse with the ease and suppleness which Mr. Leaver displays in this volume without a long apprenticeship; and next, one cannot obtain merely by research and study that close keen intimacy with the characters and setting of such a theme which we find in numerous descriptive details in these pages, and which give an air of earnestness and actuality to the narrative. One feels that the author has written with his "eye on the object," at least so far as the setting and characterisation are concerned. Many of us have doubtless similar aspirations, but very seldom have any of our alumni been able to bring their efforts to the stage of publication. Mr. Leaver has been fortunate enough to achieve this, and many of our readers will join in the congratulations we offer him on *The Mystery of John Jasper*.

The theme is Mr. Leaver's solution to the problem of Dickens' unfinished tale The treatment of the mystery is sufficiently documented in a prose introduction in which the title of the present tale is thus successfully justified: "By placing the confession of John Jasper at the beginning, the mystery of Edwin Drood is solved, but with its solution the greater mystery of John Jasper in particular, and crime in general, is thrust forward for the imagination to dwell upon." The interest of the story as here related will be enhanced by acquaintance with the attempts of Robertson Nicoll, Andrew Lang and John Forster to identify the murderer of Edwin Drood. Mr. Leaver, weighing all the evidence, has decided for himself that John Jasper did the dark deed, and has given us the story as he imagines Dickens meant to end it. He makes the main characters of the story —Jasper, Sapsea, Rosa, The Minor Canon and the others—tell the tale each from a different standpoint in the light of the discovered crime, so that by piecing together the various narratives we get the whole story of the murder of Edwin Drood.

Apart from this derivative interest, Mr. Leaver's simple tale of love and jealousy has intrinsic pathos. The story is treated in a direct and unaffected style, and the use of blank verse produces a certain "elevation of the subject." The author's early aspirations and his well-known musical talent have stood him in good stead in the management of this exacting form of expression. It is seldom that his rhythmic sense is dull, the lines (as has been stated above) have ease and suppleness, and occasionally there occur such finely-phrased passages as

> budding Spring upon the Kentish hills,
> Fresh with the scent of purple violets;
> Or as the music of the summer breeze
> When apple blossoms lightly fall to earth.

We trust that the author of *The Mystery of John Jasper* will be sufficiently encouraged by the reception of this publication to make another adventure into this region. The production of work of this kind is necessarily very rare in the west, and it is gratifying to note that our local newspaper has recently expressed in a handsome tribute to Mr. Leaver's book the value of such work to the University and the community. We gladly contribute to such expressions of appreciation, and look forward to further achievements of authorship by this talented alumnus of our University.—J.A.

Myrtle, by Stephen Hudson (Constable & Co.), has been hailed by enthusiastic reviewers as an outstanding example of the impressionistic novel. Upon one reader at least the impression was nil. The character of Myrtle simply doesn't emerge. This may, of course, be due to the reader's antiquated mental processes. —G.H.T.

The Rector of Wyck, by May Sinclair, is agreed by most readers to be a pessimistic book. To the orthodox, the rector is a failure because he failed to "save" even his own family; to the unorthodox because he dedicated his really fine abilities to the service of unappreciative villagers, isolating himself and his wife from the world of letters and ideas, gradually relinquishing even the hope of a trip to the continent which might have relieved their hopeless provincialism. Would it be an unwarranted liberty to suppose that the author had in mind rather the "apparent" failures of whom Browning so often writes, who could say even in the face of defeat:

"What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me."

The sermon which the rector left unfinished, says the same thing in a different way.—G.H.T.

The Life of Sir William Osler, by Harvey Cushing (Oxford).—This biography comes from a rather surprising source, the pen of perhaps the foremost brain surgeon of the world. Nevertheless it is well done. One reviewer indeed has hailed it as the best biography of the year in English. The author himself does not appear. As far as possible he lets his subject tell his own story by letters and excerpts from his writings. The intervals and the background he fills in for us in a singularly happy manner. The story is that of a boy with a brain and a power of original thought and investigation, whose feet were set aright by three teachers. He was born at a time in the progress of medicine when talents such as his were needed. He spent years in preparation and then had to secure his first clinical post by the dangerous expedient of taking over a ward full of smallpox patients whom no one else wanted. In the end the medical earth was his and the plums thereof. There was hardly a major university in North America or Great Britain which did not at some time bid for his services. His sources of power were professional supremacy, a kindly heart coupled with an unfailing memory for people, sympathy and encouragement for his juniors, genuine interest in the betterment of medical training and public health—and a brother with love and a long purse. It is not every advocate of good works who has the outstanding Canadian banker of the day as his admirer, brother and header of subscription lists. His vocations were teaching, pathology and public health, his avocation that of bibliophile. In every one he excelled. All in all, perhaps the greatest Canadian to date. One can promise without reserve that you will enjoy this work if you read it.—A.L.C.

Portrait of a Man With Red Hair, by Hugh Walpole (Macmillan). — Hugh Walpole's characters always live, but seldom does one meet one so vividly drawn as is Crispin, the central figure in this book. He is a man who is obsessed by an evil spirit, which finds pleasure only in the inflicting of physical pain upon others. What is unusual in this last book of Mr. Walpole's is that with this fine characterization is combined a story as exciting as any "shilling shocker." It is all, as the author admits, wildly improbable, but as he also says, why not? It is a most readable story, though by no means a pleasant one.—A.B.H.

The Farthing Spinster, by Catherine Dodd (Jarrolds).—Miss Jellis Farthing, in the early days of the nineteenth century, came upon an old manuscript dealing with the fortunes of her family in the reign of Henry VII. This document contained the following words: "Therefore lett no femail chylde of a Farthynge take the accursed name of Jellis, for if shee do, surelie will misfortune attende her. Never will shee gaine a spouse, but end her days a lonelie spinster." This is the Farthing curse, and the book traces the histories of three successive holders of the name, each one being compelled, through some unfortunate combination of circumstances, to demonstrate the truth of the prophecy. The book opens in 1789, and closes during the post-war period of the twentieth century. It is a quiet story, in no sense exciting, but most pleasantly told.—A.B.H.

VARSITY ATHLETICS

Basketball

Prospects in basketball this year loom much brighter than last. It is generally conceded that with the experience gained last year and the hard training under Coach Jimmie Bill, the team shows more finish and aggressiveness. Several new recruits have bucked their way into the senior lineup, and in all games so far have certainly shown good form. The defense of this year's team is much improved, and will certainly prove stumbling blocks to the 49th Battalion's ambitions.

The Northern Division, which originally comprised three teams, has been cut to two, the 101st Fusiliers dropping out after two decisive defeats by Varsity. This leaves the 49th Battalion and Varsity to battle it out in a series of three games to decide who is to meet Raymond for the Provincial title. One exhibition game was staged between Varsity and the 49th, in which Varsity was defeated by a small margin. This defeat only served to make the Varsity team work harder, and in their tilt with Saskatchewan University team they emerged victors after one of the fastest games in inter-varsity history. This win, we hope, will give to Alberta the Western inter-varsity title, but will not be definitely decided until Saskatchewan has played Manitoba.

The team this year comprises: Husband (captain), Muir, Brynildsen, Galbraith, O'Brien, McLaren, McCallum, Gowda, Stoner and Ridpath.

Hockey

The present season finds the green and gold hockey squad maintaining the high standards set by the teams in previous years.

At the time of writing Varsity is fighting the Yeomen for second place in the senior league, the Superiors being indisputably at the top of the ladder.

A feature of Varsity teams in the past has been fighting spirit, and this has not been wanting this year. The team is as follows: MacDonald (captain), Morris, Power, Taylor, Boyle, Melnyk, Mutchmor, Levell, Waterbury and Shore; coach, Dr. Hardy; manager, W. Whittaker.

Boxing and Wrestling

The Boxing and Wrestling Club is carrying on its good work of previous years, but with even greater success. Pres. Barker has at present about forty exponents of the art of self-defence working out tri-weekly, and some twenty wrestlers hard at work. The club has been fortunate this year in being able to acquire the services of very capable instructors in the persons of Ernie McCabe, army champion, and Dr. Dodds, who is a wrestler of some repute.

In the tournament held on February 11th, some very promising material pre-

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sented itself in the persons of Donald Brown, lightweight; Laurie, heavyweight; Barker, middle and light heavyweight. The wrestlers who displayed excellent form were Mihalcheon, Svekla and Hill.

Women's Athletics

Another season for University women's athletics is nearly over, and it is with a certain amount of pride that we review the year's activities.

The season opened last fall with the annual tennis tournament, the winners of this meeting the representatives of the University of Saskatchewan at Saskatoon. After hard-fought games our representatives went down to defeat in the contest for inter-varsity honors.

The able coaching of the basketball team is certainly manifest in the splendid brand of basketball served to the fans on the Varsity floor this year. The girls were defeated by the Grads in the provincial series, but more success awaited them in the inter-varsity series. They met the U. of M. girls in a two-game series at Winnipeg, and won both keenly contested games, and had the honor of bringing back to Alberta the Race cup, emblematic of the inter-varsity championship. At Brandon and Calgary they took their opponents into camp by very high scores.

Hockey, too, has come in for its share of wins. The provincial league series is not yet complete, but out of the three games played, Varsity won two. In the inter-varsity series the Manitoba girls, on their visit here, failed to notch a winning counter against our goalie—and in the overtime play the game resulted in a draw, as it did last year.

Whatever success has attended the efforts of our girls' teams this year, we believe to be in large measure due to the able coaching of Mr. Bill and Mr. Henderson.

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THE LETTER BOX

Correspondence is invited on any matters of interest to graduates. Letters should not be of more than three hundred words in length, and should be addressed to "The Trail," University of Alberta.

The suggestions made by Mr. F. A. Rudd in the last issue were taken up by the committee, and it is likely that beginning with next fall *The Trail* will be issued as a quarterly, appearing between the months of October and June. Such a policy can be adopted only with adequate support. The difficulty does not lie with the advertisers, but with the individual graduates. Can we count on graduate support? The Vancouver answer is encouraging.

Vancouver, B.C.,
Dec. 18, 1925.

Editor, *The Trail*,
Edmonton, Alta.

Dear Sir,—Members of the Vancouver Board of the Alumni Association have expressed a desire to help our paper, *The Trail*. Those of us who have been receiving it in the past, look forward to the coming of each issue.

The suggestion has been made to me that we obtain permission from you to undertake to furnish the material for a section of the paper. Just how many pages can be handled remains to be seen, but I would suggest, as a start, two or three pages. This material to be gathered and sent to you in time for each publication.

If this meets with your approval, will you please forward to me information of use to an editorial board.

We realize the amount of work placed on the shoulders of yourself and your staff in the editing of this paper, and we feel that by taking a section we may be of assistance to you.

Yours very truly,
LEO. B. BROWN.

Sinyang, Honan,
January 6, 1925.

Dear Mr. Treasurer:

Herewith $6.00, which ought to keep us supplied with *Trails* for some time to come. We are anticipating a furlough in about two years, and it's quite likely that we shall hand you our next renewal in person. For after getting home, one of the first pleasures we have promised ourselves is to re-visit the old haunts and perchance spy out a few "familiar faces."

Does anything ever happen out here in this country? Westerners who know nothing of the East are prone to speak of it as slow-moving. But the East, as we have learned to know it these four years, is anything but slow. Indeed, things move with such bewildering speed that we stand agape and grope about for explanation, and find it very hard to adjust ourselves. For anything that touches the thoughts and feelings of the Chinese people also touches the missionary. The

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shifting current of events carries us with it.

True, much of the motion is only commotion, and we know not whither it tends. Both destructive and constructive forces are at work. Changes both progressive and retrogressive are taking place. Governments rise and fall. Military leaders, self-appointed and self-seeking, squabble for power. The men in highest positions are least to be trusted, bribing and taking bribes. Robbers harry the country folk and capture towns and cities at will. A Bolshevik government holds sway in Canton. More than one university is a hotbed of Bolshevism. "Bolshefied" students forsake their books and lecture halls to make propaganda war against the "capitalistic" foreigner in their midst. And we missionaries are also put in this category. Indeed, we are the advance agents of the Imperialistic West, whose one and only aim is to rob and oppress. Yes, things move in China, and excitement is so much a part of our daily life and work, that I'm afraid life in Alberta would seem intolerably tame to our jaded senses.

Especially has this last year been replete with thrills. War all about us, student strikes and demonstrations and what not have given us more than one tense and anxious moment. Following the shooting affair in Shanghai the students have been riding high on a tidal wave of patriotic passion. "Away with foreign commercial interests!" "Away with unequal treaties and extraterritorial rights!" "Away with foreign-controlled mission schools and the foreigners' religion!" "China for the Chinese!" Such is the battle-cry of young China.

And we who live and work among these young men and have learned to know them somewhat and to appreciate their difficulties in adjusting themselves to the new thoughts and ideals surging in upon them —we are the last to blame them when excess of zeal leads to open and violent antagonism of all that is not Chinese. Our sympathy is all with the students in their struggle to free China from the handicaps that western nations have in many cases brought upon her in their selfish

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scramble for commercial advantage and military supremacy. One of the encouraging signs in the present situation is the willingness of the foreign delegates to the Tariff Conference to concede China's right to control her own affairs. We hope it marks the beginning of an era of mutual friendliness and trust between the West and the East. As Westerners have been the aggressors in the past, so they must be the conciliators now.

That relations between the East and West have not been strained to the breaking point on countless occasions is due in large part to Christian missionaries. The impact of the commercial and militaristic sides of Western civilization has been softened by the frankly unselfish character of those who have conducted the Christian missionary enterprise. Now the large majority of intelligent Chinese, whether Christian or not, draw a sharp distinction between these two elements of the Western world. They recognize that missionaries are not to be held accountable for acts of force on the part of foreign governments. But what an indictment, nevertheless, against Christians for failing to Christianize the international impacts of so-called Christian nations! An indictment and a challenge!

But whatever we may say about the failure of Christianity in the West, it has put a leaven into Chinese life that is making for individual and national integrity and righteousness.

Wishing the Alumni Association a year of success and progress.

"PALMER ANDERSON."

Fresh significance is given to the content of Mr. Anderson's letter in the news item, Edmonton Journal, Feb. 16, to the effect that Mr. Nillson, Lutheran missionary at Sinyang, had been "accidentally killed" in riots after the capture of the town by Chinese military forces.

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BRANCH NOTES

Calgary Branch

The Calgary branch took advantage of Professor Burt's presence in the city on Nov. 27, and a dinner was held in his honor at the Tea Kettle Inn. After dinner, Professor Burt, introduced by Miss Lillian Cobb, spoke to the members on the pertinent subject, "Is Canada Worth While?" The problems of our national future were presented in a graphic fashion, and the forty odd guests present showed their appreciation of the speaker's skill and knowledge in no uncertain manner.

The annual Varsity dance under the auspices of the Calgary Branch was held on Dec. 29th. The scene of the festivities was the Hudson's Bay Cafeteria, Calgary, which was decorated so that the room appeared like a marquee, having sides and roof of green and gold streamers, which, together with the green and gold lights, gave a very pleasing and artistic effect.

Previous to the dance some of the members had been rehearsing old songs and preparing new ones. At the dance sheets with these songs were distributed, and between dances songs were sung and cheers cheered under the leadership of Mr. Ross Douglas. A quartette, composed of Ross Douglas, Bill Williams, Mac Millard and James McMillan, "rendered" a special number, supposed to be a song—not by request. No one has yet discovered what all the noise was about.

The dance was attended by almost two hundred graduates, undergraduates and friends.

The success of the evening was due generally to the willingness and co-operation shown by the members of the various committees, and especially to Ross Douglas and Mac Millard, who gave their time and services unsparingly. Incidentally, the dance was financially successful.

The Varsity Women's basketball team, fresh from victory in the east, with the Race cup in their possession, stopped off to dinner with the graduates en route for Edmonton. It was a happy affair, and it is to be hoped that it will be an annual event, girls, cup, and all.

There are eight graduates attending Calgary Normal school this session: Bea Buckley, Florence Fleming, Eleanor Matthews, Reva Studholme, Mary Willison, Ted Walters, L. A. Walker and Bert Rudd.

Hank Gale, LL.B. '25, is in town; articled at law with A. L. Smith Co., and boxing instructor at the Y.M.C.A. He prefers the gloves to night clerking in Vancouver hotels.

Homer Lebourveau, B.Sc. '24, is with the Utilities Board. Still embarrassed about things; gave his address to the reporter on the back of a furniture dealer's card! Mrs. Lebourveau's (nee Ardis Cain, B.Sc. '22) sister, Pauline Cain, B.A. '19, is teaching at Olds.

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Dunc. McNeil, B.A. '25, is working in the Legal Dept. C.P.R., and is kept consarnedly busy.

Maimie Silverthorn, B.A. '25, is a member of the Calgary Public Library staff.

Fred Young, M.A. '25, is teaching math. at the Institute of Technology. Fred has changed some, so they say; a new pipe, and a new brand; but still the same Sussex smile.

Betty Lawson, B.Sc. '25, is dietitian at the Y.W.C.A.

Lola Scott, B.Sc. '23, is with the McDermid Drug Co.

Edmonton Branch

The regular monthly meeting of the Edmonton Branch of the Alumni Association of the University of Alberta was held Saturday, Jan. 23, 1926, in the Lounge, Athabasca Hall, with Mrs. R. J. Russell in the chair. His Honour Lieutenant Governor Egbert and Mr. J. D. O. Mothersill were guests of the branch. His Honour told of his pleasure at being present and how he hoped to become acquainted with all the members of the branch. Mr. Mothersill was the speaker of the afternoon, and gave a very interesting and enlightening examination of the much talked-of "Western Route."

The speaker explained in a lucid manner the development of the Western route and showed how it involves a radical adjustment of transportation rates not only between Alberta and British Columbia, but to some extent throughout the whole transportation system from Halifax to Vancouver. The possibilities of the western route have been realized for many years. And it might have remained undeveloped for many years more had it not been for the abnormal conditions brought about by the war. At the end of the war the country found itself in the depths of depression; and in order to solve the many difficulties that faced the people every avenue of escape was explored. In the great changes which took place, such as the creation of the wheat pools, the question of transportation was forced to the forefront, and the Western route became a very important question indeed.

When the C.P.R. was completed, Vancouver was a small town, the middle-western provinces were sparsely populated or not populated at all, and there was no big business on either side of the Rockies to scrutinize rate structures. The result was that a rate structure was laid down imposing a mountain differential rate, i.e., a rate higher through the mountains than on the plains. When traffic commenced to develop, the watershed of traffic was not established midway between east and west, but on a line falling north and south at a point west of the cities of

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Edmonton and Calgary. Between 1900 and 1914, the period of phenomenal development, it was on this rate structure that Western Canada was built. Winnipeg became the distributing and receiving centre for all of the west lying east of the Rockies. The eastern cities developed and in fact all Canada was built up on a rate system which carried all trade from east to west and west to east instead of from the centre east and west. As an example of the absurdities arising, Alberta wheat in certain instances was shipped to the Atlantic seaboard, loaded on vessels and sent down through the Panama Canal, westward to Japan.

With the completion of the Panama Canal and the growth of Vancouver into an important seaport, the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan first began an aggressive support of the western route. With the construction of two additional transcontinental lines, it was thought that the cost of transportation west would be greatly reduced owing to the lower grades. But the same differential rate existing on the C.P.R. was imposed on the new roads and an artificial barrier created. The present problem is to break it down.

The speaker dealt in an impartial manner with the justifications and condemnations offered by the parties concerned regarding the mountain differential. The Crows Nest Act was briefly explained; and many of those present first received light on an Act which has caused considerable discussion and dispute in parliament and throughout the whole of the Dominion. This Act has had an important bearing on the development of the western route. Much has been done to get a reduction in rates over the western route, but the fight is not yet finished.

At the conclusion of his address, Mr. Mothersill effectively answered a number of questions asked him; and the members present felt that they had at last been enlightened far enough to allow them to grasp to some degree at least the significance of the western route.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Mothersill on his very excellent and profitable address.

Vancouver Branch

Editorial Committee: Editor, R. P. Clarke; Associates, L. B. Brown, W. S. Budd, J. E. Jaffary, E. C. McLeod.

Early in December, 1924, Leo Brown, E. Annes and W. F. Seyer were sitting by the fireside chatting about the old days at the U. of A., when someone remarked on the number of boys who were making their homes in Vancouver. It was suggested that they start a local branch of the Alumni Association, and as it was conceded to be highly desirable to have such an organization, a list was prepared of the boys then known to reside in the city. On the following day they got in touch with the ones on the list, and through them learned the whereabouts of several others in the city.

On December 18th, 1924, a re-union banquet was held at the University Club for the purpose of organizing. About a dozen U. of A. men were present, and after a short discussion they proceeded to elect the following officers: Leo Brown, President; E. Annes, Vice-President; J. E. Jaffary, Secretary, and E. C. McLeod, Treasurer. It was decided that a meeting should be held once a month, and that these gatherings should be informal dinners so that the boys might get together and pass a few pleasant evenings chatting and spinning yarns of the days of long ago. Following the organization, such meetings were held regularly once a month except for a short while in the summer when for several reasons they were temporarily suspended.

At the beginning of the present season, the meetings were again resumed, and the same executive re-appointed. A change was made in the order of meeting, and it was decided to hold same on the first Thursday of each month—a dinner and a luncheon alternating. This schedule has been adhered to except on one occasion

when a luncheon was substituted by a supper dance (a short account of which is given in this issue) to which members might bring their wives and their friends. This supper dance was greatly enjoyed by all and was such a success that it was unanimously decided to hold more functions of a similar nature in the near future.

The organization here is gradually assuming the form of a club, the object of which is to promote the social and economic welfare of the U. of A. Alumni.

Though the number of U. of A. boys residing here is as yet comparatively small, there is a steady and progressive increase in the number of members, and in the strength of the club, so that at present it has very much more than justified its existence, and it is felt that it is something really worth while.

It has been said that the test of a liberal education is the ability to adjust oneself to one's environment. And assuming this to be correct, then our Association offers ample proof of the fact that the U. of A. is certainly the place to get a true liberal education. Our members are graduates in law, medicine, arts and science. Perusal of the list appearing in this issue discloses the following facts: Graduates in law, owing to the profession being so overcrowded, are making use of their training by turning to other fields of endeavor, making good as executives in automobile concerns, others succeeding in the field of finance, and again others accepting responsible positions with large industrial concerns. Then we see graduates in science forging ahead as teachers, managing coal companies, executives in large film companies; salesmen; insurance agents; etc., etc., which all goes to show that the U. of A. really fits one in the struggle for existence. Be that as it may, we all have a high regard for our Alma Mater and all her children are doing well out here.

Our aim is to make our Association the headquarters for Alberta men and women, and to develop along economic as well as social lines. I see no reason why such an Association should not become a real help to all U. of A. men and women and we have this end in view. It will take on more and more the nature of a Club, where U. of A. folks in all walks of life will meet regularly to talk over old times and present business, showing preference to fellow members on all matters of business whenever possible. In this way the Association will be of material benefit to each and all, meaning something to everyone and with no fear of members losing interest.

Out here we are a real live organization, and we don't care who knows it, and already many of the members are realizing the value of the Association to them.

Vancouver being the third largest city in the Dominion, offers straight opportunities for those who are not afraid of work, i.e., U. of A. men and women. Generally speaking, conditions here are excellent; millions of dollars are being spent in building and many more millions are being expended in developing our very fine harbor. This will shortly make Vancouver the greatest city on the Pacific coast. We extend a hearty invitation to all to come to Vancouver, where so many of us are now, and you may rest assured that we will do all in our power to make you acquainted, and further to get you located. Here opportunity awaits you; here friends wait to greet you, and if any of you Varsity folks come out here without looking us up we shall certainly put you on the black list. We will be pleased to furnish anyone with information regarding Vancouver and our Association, so don't be backward in coming forward.

On January 7th the graduates of the U. of A. who at present are living in Vancouver met at the Ambassador for a social evening.

About thirty Alberta graduates and their friends took advantage of this opportunity of renewing old friendships, many meeting again for the first time since graduation. The early part of the evening was spent, as might be expected, in discussing old jokes, raids on Alberta College and other famous and infamous events of the various years.

At 10:30 a tasty supper was served in the banquet hall which was decorated with green and gold streamers and Alberta pennants. After a short business meeting, the rest of the evening was spent in dancing.

The gathering broke up about 1:30, and all were insistent in their demands that another function of a similar kind be held at an early date.

Harriet Barnes, B.A. '25, is teaching at Columbia College, New Westminster.

Sammy Leonard, M.D.C.M., is now in Vancouver, married and happy and doing well.

C. D. McBride, M.D.C.M., McGill '23, late of Peace River country, has made his home in Vancouver, married and has a couple of children. Doc did well in Peace River, and will undoubtedly do likewise here.

Marjorie Hotson, B.A. '19, has been teaching in the Lloydminster High School for the last five years, and is now studying in Vancouver. She is living at 2066 York St., City.

Jessie Hotson, B.A. '18, graduated from the University of California in 1922. She then spent two years in Seattle and is now in the Vancouver Public Library. Jessie is to be congratulated on her election as Treasurer of the B.C. Library Association. She is living at 2066 York Street, City.

Fred Etheridge, B.Sc. '25, has been engaged in field work in connection with one of the new dams and power plants of the B.C. Electric Co. At present he is in the city office of the company, and his address is 2038 McDonald Street. He hopes to make B.C. his home.

J. E. Jaffary, B.Sc. '16, came to Vancouver about two years ago, and is manager and owner of the Corry Coal Co., 185 1st Ave. West. He will see that you are not cold. He is one of the many happily married U. of A. men, and is very proud of his baby boy. His address is West Vancouver. Jaff is our popular secretary, and has been one of our most enthusiastic boosters.

W. F. Seyer, B.A. '14, M.Sc. '18, is associate professor of Chemistry at the

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U. of B.C. He has written several important articles for leading scientific publications. Bill has, with the aid of his three sons, just completed a fine house on University Hill, and can be found either there or at the Dept. of Chemistry.

L. B. Brown, B.Sc. '16, is teaching mathematics in the King Edward High School, Vancouver. In 1920 he took unto himself a better half, and with their little son can be found at 595 18th Ave. West.

J. B. Glover, B.A. '21, is now engaged in commercial work and hopes to start in business for himself shortly. J. B. is to be found at 3286 29th Ave. W., any evening or week-end, assisted in the garden by his two sons and one daughter.

J. C. Grimson, M.D. '25, is married and lives on 10th Ave. Julie is House Doctor at the General Hospital, so if you are not feeling just up to the mark take a rest at the General; board and room are reasonable, and the doctor will fix you up in no time. You will come out looking like a 1926 model, bumper and all.

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Bee Timmins, B.Sc. '24, is always a bright spot on Vancouver's foggy horizon. We have not seen Bee for a long time, but understand that the younger generation of Vancouverites are gaining in the knowledge of the art of domestic science at the hands of our mutual friend. We have not heard any rumors of Bee going off the deep end. Address, c|o Vancouver School Board, Vancouver, B.C.

W. M. Armstrong, B.A. '19. The call of the west was too strong to keep W. M. in Alberta, and he is now to be found as head of the English department in Magee High School, Point Grey. He is the proud papa of one boy and two girls, and lives at 3887 15th Ave. W.

W. S. Budd, B.A. '21, LL.B. '23, is connected with a local firm, Lucas & Lucas, who are well established in Vancouver. This budding young solicitor and barrister is single, has a very likeable manner, and lives at 1243 Thurlow St. His business address is 1023 Standard Bank Building. He has chosen the green forests and salt air breezes of the Pacific coast in preference to the prairies, and is in love only at present with our Vancouver climate—perhaps.

Howard Coulter, LL.B. '17, seems to be giving the lie to the story that the profession of law is too overcrowded. We always find his office crowded, but whether his clients pay their bills or not is another story. Howard is married and lives at 2830 Hemlock St., Vancouver, B.C.

Allan J. Sampson, D.D.S. Toronto '23, is practising dentistry in New Westminster at 423 Westminster Trust Building. Allan is not married, but it is rumored he is building a bungalow.

J. W. Lang, M.D.C.M. McGill, is now practising on the innocents of West Vancouver, with the same old grin and the same old pipe, we believe. Jimmie and Mrs. Lang are the proud parents of a baby girl. They reside at the corner of 23rd Street and Bellevue, W. Vancouver.

Roy P. Clarke, B.A. '16, LL.B., is bond salesman with the Royal Financial Corporation of this city. As ever, Roy always has time to spin a good yarn. Roy was

made the proud daddy of a 7½ lb. baby boy on Monday, Feb. 1st. Both Mrs. Clark and baby are doing well and Roy is all smiles these days. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke reside at 1176 12th Ave. West.

T. Walsh was reported in the city, but we have been unable to locate him.

J. F. K. English, B.A., we understand, is principal of the Peachland High School, Peachland, B.C.

G. Einarson, B.Sc. '23, has been working for the B.C. Telephone Co. As far as we know he is single, and is living at 60 9th Ave. W., Vancouver.

C. Ketchup McAllister, B.S.A. '21, is apparently doing very well as a manufacturers' agent. Just how much of his agricultural training Scotty is using in his present occupation we do not know, but it seems to bring results. The grass grows green. 5087 Connaught Drive, Vancouver, B.C.

Hazel Van Buren, LL.B. '22—From word received we believe Miss Van Buren has for the time being forsaken her law practice at Calgary and has moved to Vancouver. (News wanted.)

H. McArthur, B.S.A. '23, taught in Claresholm and decided that that was no life for him, and now we find him as manager of the driers in Spillers' Elevator. Mac, we believe, is still single, but how long he intends to remain so we do not know. The rest of the information we have has been censored.

E. C. McLeod, M.D.C.M. McGill, was interne at Scranton, then took post-graduate work at Danville, Pa. From there he worked with the Red Cross at Washington, D.C. He then decided single blessedness was not all that it was cracked up to be. He and Mrs. McLeod came to Vancouver, where he is now practising medicine. Mac is a hard, conscientious worker, and is doing well in his chosen profession. He is also our treasurer, and one of our original members. His address is 4873 Ross St., Vancouver.

W. B. McKee, M.D.C.M. McGill '21, came to Vancouver as interne in the General Hospital. Although young in his profession, we expect some day to hear Boyd mentioned among the big medical men of Vancouver. Dr. and Mrs. McKee reside at 4184 Kingsway.

K. L. Craig, M.D.C.M. McGill '21, came to the Vancouver General as interne, and could not tear himself away from this wonderful city. He has a good practice in Vancouver Heights, one of the nice residential districts of Vancouver. Kenny, as he is known by his many friends, is a hard worker, and we can expect a great deal from him. Dr. and Mrs. Craig reside at 3708 Dundas St., Vancouver.

Stewart Dawson, B.Sc. '24, is growing younger every day, pushing a slip stick for the Sydney E. Junkins Company, Limited, who are building the new C.P.R. pier. By the way the pier has grown of late it is evident that "Stew" has been proficient. Address, 1609 Harwood St., Vancouver, B.C. The news has just been received of his marriage to Miss Patty Reid, formerly of Edmonton. Congratulations!

R. A. McLeod, M.D.C.M. McGill '20, is practising in New Westminster. "Mac", as he was known in Alberta, moved here

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just recently from Exshaw, Alberta, and already he has the start of a splendid practice.

Miss Marjory Walker, B.A. '24, is living with her mother at 1170 15th Ave. W. She is now doing commercial work, and can be found any day of the week in the C.P.R. office.

C. G. Wallbridge, LL.B. '23, is still resisting Cupid's attacks, and is busy selling cars and batteries for Campbell Motors, Ltd., corner Granville and Fourth Ave. This man says, "It's Ben Hur's, now it's mine." Some of his cars say, "Darling, I am growing old."

W. T. Middleton, B.Sc. '17. Shorty is making use of his college education in architecture in the building game in Vancouver. Although he has been here for about a year his presence was not officially known until a few days ago. By the sound of his voice over the 'phone it is certain he has not changed a bit from his college days. Mr. and Mrs. Middleton are to be found at 2732 Fir St.

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A. E. White, B.A. '16, is employed by Swift Canadian Co. A. E., Mrs. White (nee Miss Telfer), and their three boys are at home to their many friends at 1203 71st Ave. W.

Henry Gale, LL.B. '25, spent the summer in the city. At present he is visiting in Alberta, but it is rumored he intends to return to practise law here. His address is 1543 Robson St., City.

Elna Pearson, H.Ec. '25, Alberta and California, has been on the dietetic staff at the Vancouver General Hospital since last May.

Esther Prevey, H.Ec. '25, is at present on the dietetic staff of the Vancouver General Hospital, and is planning to take post-graduate work at the University of Chicago.

— Ward, Arts and Med. '20, is residing at 715 Royal Ave., New Westminster. He is working for the North American Life, 470 Granville St., Vancouver. He is using his U. of A. education to cure the ills of business and domestic life. His slogan is, "Will a policy take hold when you let go?"

J. W. Dexter, Sci. '18, single as far as is known, is residing at 1168 Haro St. He is rubber stamp salesman for Houghton & Smith. He is stamping his name indelibly in sporting circles, especially in hockey.

J. M. Rothwell, Arts '25, has been spreading his course a bit, and at the present time is attending the U.B.C. Jim solved the big problem by marrying the girl about three years ago, and since then has been taking his university course in style. Mr. and Mrs. Rothwell reside at 12 10th Ave. W.

S. Parker, Sci. '22, was unable to complete his course, and for the time being has a position with the Swift Canadian Co., but fully intends to continue his studies in the near future. In 1923 he married Miss Hazel Melick, of Edmonton, and they now reside at 3255 Heather St., Vancouver.

E. C. Annes, Sci. '16, is engaged in mining engineering; has taken unto himself a wife, and is residing at 538 17th Ave. W. 'Tis said, "Scout is the man who knows where the gold lies." He is one of

the main pillars of Canadian rugby in this city.

G. R. McLanders, Arts '18, generally known as Mac, is connected with Craemer & Co., who are insurance specialists, and as Mac is office manager he specializes not only in risks, but in a good assortment of stories. He is married, with a son and heir whom he hopes some day will be as tall is he is. His home address is 5774 Vine Street.

C. G. Markle, Sci. '17, spends the summers surveying and the winters in the mill in Vancouver; a firm believer in single blessedness. Living with his parents at 2676 1st Ave. W.

E. S. Robinson completed his course in Arts at Toronto, and then took a special course in Library work at Washington. E. S. is now Librarian of the Vancouver Public Library, and at the annual meeting of the B.C. Librarians' Association the other day he was elected president. Congratulations, E. S. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson and three children reside at 3696 Point Grey Road, Vancouver.

Eric Huestis is attending the U.B.C. and expects to complete his course in forestry this year. In the summer Eric hits for the prairies, where he works for the Dominion Forestry Branch. Though single, Eric has been covering a lot of ground the last few years, and you can't tell what he may bring home with him next fall. While attending the university here Huestis has been making a name for himself in sport, especially in soccer. He resides at 3514 36th Ave. W.

H. C. Jackson, Sci. '16—Stonewall's address is 1844 Comox Street, and his business interests are with the Regal Film Co. He is office manager and chief accountant. Yes! Yes! girls, he is single, and can be easily distinguished from the other movie actors by his wonderful smile and hearty laugh as he strolls about in his balloon pants.

Daphne Frith left Edmonton 1923. Was in Toronto with National Trust for

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two years as secretary to H. V. Hearst, assistant estates manager. Saw Gerald Charlesworth there, who is finishing his medical course, and was an interne at Wellesley Hospital all summer. Came out here in October and obtained position with Royal Financial Corporation, Ltd. Expects to be married in the early summer, and will live in Toronto.

Misses Mary and Patty Reid came here with their family about a year and a half ago. Are living at 1164 W. 32nd Ave., Vancouver. Mary is teaching French at St. Anthony's.

George Sereth, Arts '17, we understand, has the world by the tail. He is one of the big pushes in the Southern Alberta Lumber Company, which is the greatest exporter of lumber from the Port of Vancouver. Florida's building boom is also bringing joy to his heart. He has taken unto himself a wife, and looks like the cat that swallowed the canary. He is residing at No. 40, Windermere Apts., Vancouver, B.C.

J. A. Cameron, Sci. '23—Address, 1159 Bute Street, Vancouver. Commonly known around the halls of Athabasca as "Shorty," suddenly grew tired of the prairies and cast longing glances towards the coast. He arrived in Vancouver in May, 1925, where he is employed by His Master's Voice, Limited, as accountant.

The editor is not responsible for the authenticity of the statements in these columns and refuses to consider any claims for damages arising from libellous reports.

SPARKS FROM THE TREASURER'S ANVIL

Since our last issue we have heard from Miss Edna I. Wallis, B.A. '24, who writes from Lloydminster, Alberta, where she is teaching school.

Also from Miss Flora Moffat, B.A. '24, who gives her address as 78 Medway Street, Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A.

The following have joined the Vancouver branch of the Association since the list published in the last Trail:

Dr. J. C. Grimson, Vancouver General Hospital.

Dr. R. A. McLeod, Edmunds and Kingsway Streets, New Westminster, B.C.

Dr. K. L. Craig, 3707 Dundas Street.

Dr. C. D. McBride, 1000 Commercial Drive.

J. W. Dexter, 1168 Haro Street.

G. R. McLanders, 5774 Vine Street.

J. A. Cameron, 1150 Bute Street.

H. McArthur, 1205 Victoria Road.

We have received fees for the next two years from Arthur R. Morgan, B.A. '22. His address for some time will be 611 Ninth Ave. South, Lethbridge, Alberta, from where all mail will be forwarded to him.

We have also heard from Norman A. Clark, who is with the Department of Chemistry at the Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa.

Fred J. Batson is with the Kittinger Furniture Company of Buffalo, N.Y. His residence address is 310 Voorhees Avenue.

R. P. Miller is living at 505 West Whiting Avenue, Fullerton, California.

Eugénie Clermont is teaching school at Simpson, Sask.

Miss Ivy M. Steele writes from 480 Meigs Street, Rochester, N.Y., and sends fees for the current year and for the past two years. She is engaged as assistant examiner in a child's study clinic in that city. Of Rochester she says: "Rochester is a very progressive city and on the map for its manufacturies, its educational system and school of music, Eastman of the Kodak Company being its patron of the arts, but the climate is objectionable to one who comes from a corner of the earth as high and dry as Alberta."

Two interesting letters have been received by the Treasurer, one from Palmer Anderson, B.A. '19, missionary at Sinyang, Honan, China, which is published in this issue, and the second from Douglas Simpson, B.Sc. '22, c|o Anglo Chilean Nitrate Corp., Coya Norte, Tocopilla, Chile, which will be published in the next number of the Trail.

George Salt, B.Sc. '24, is working at the Bussey Institute, Forest Hills, Mass., for the degree of D.Sc. from Harvard University. He is following up some special problems in plant parasitism. In this connection he reports a most interesting summer spent in Cuba.

E. T. ("Ted") Gowan, B.A., B.Sc. '24, has been exploring London, Paris and Strasbourg during the Oxford vacation.

Bill Fanjoy, Sci. '24, and Fred Stewart, Sci. '25, are taking the Students' Engineering Course with the Canadian General Electric Co., Peterboro, Ont.

James McMillan, B.Sc. '24, is at present in charge of the Edmonton office of the Canadian Westinghouse Co. Jimmie is leaving soon to spend a year in the company's factory at Hamilton, Ont.

S. W. Stock, B.Sc. '24, has completed the Students' Engineering Course with the Canadian General Electric Company, and is now an engineer in the illumination department of the company in Toronto.

At a short course given in the States some time ago and attended by engineers from nearly every state of the union and province of Canada, Stock distinguished himself by taking second place. This news travelled west with one of the men who attended the course. Trust Stock to say nothing about it.

J. A. Tames, B.Sc. '25, and A. V. Baldwin, B.Sc. '25, are with the Canadian Westinghouse Company at Hamilton. Johnny is deep in the mysteries of high tension circuit breakers, and Art puts the final test on some of the radio apparatus.

C. D. Reid, M.Sc. '24, is attending the graduate school at Harvard again this year.

Marjorie Bradford, B.A. '24, is assistant secretary of the Social Service Council of Canada. At the last meeting of the Council Miss Bradford presented a comprehensive report on "Recent Social Legislation in Canada."

Walker Dunham, B.A. '20, writes late November from Pembroke College, Oxford. He says in part: "I have my bar finals in London in three weeks and am thoroughly frightened over them. If I don't plough, I shall spend the rest of the winter in France, and return to Oxford for the summer term."

Glen McClung, B.Com. '25, is with the Saskatchewan Co-Operative Elevator Co. at Regina.

Norman Thompson, B.Sc. '25, is with the Dee Mineral Water Co. at Wrexham, N. Wales.

Roy Baker, B.Sc. '24, is school principal at Cowley, with Mrs. Baker, B.A. '19, assisting.

Doug. Harkness, B.A. '24, is teaching English and History at Magrath. Doubtless other things.

Ed. White, B.A. '24, is school principal at Enchant. No, Edward, for your sake, no puns.

Mac Millard, LL.B. '24, is a legal light of the city of Bassano.

Guy Hollinshead, B.Sc. 24, is principal at Wainwright. The kids have found out he can't be buffaloed.

Muriel Gratz, B.A. '24, is teaching at Banff.

Eileen Evans, B.A. '25, is principal of a two-roomed school at Kelliher, Sask.

Alice Marshall, B.Sc. '25, is at Nanton, pharmacopaea et al.

Marriages and Births

MARRIAGES

Barnes—McIntyre—At Edmonton, Alta., on February 9th, 1926, Beulah Marie, B.A. '23, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neil McIntyre, to Major George Roland Barnes, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. William Barnes, of St. John, N.B.. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes have made their home at Slave Lake.

Le Bourveau—Cain—At Mannville, Alta., on December 29th, 1925, Ardis Ruth, B.A. '22, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Cain, to Homer, B.Sc. '24, only son of the late Mr. Benjamin Le Bourveau and Mrs. Le Bourveau, Calgary. Mr. and Mrs. Le Bourveau have made their home in Calgary.

Philp—Samis—At Toronto, Ont., on December 23rd, 1925, Margaret Eleanor, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Samis, of Olds, Alta., to Donald F., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Philp, Edmonton, Alta. Mr. and Mrs. Philp have made their home at 290 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

Love—McCrimmon—At Edmonton, on November 12th, 1925, Katharine Isabelle, B.A. '17, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McCrimmon, to John Russell, B.A. '20, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Love, Irma, Alta. Mr. and Mrs. Love have made their home at 9814 103rd Street, Edmonton.

Ogston—Stothers—At Edmonton, on December 31st, 1925, Jennie, B.A. '24, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Stothers, to the Rev. Alexander Ogston, B.A. '22, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Ogston, of Aberdeen, Scotland. Rev. and Mrs. Ogston have made their home at Chilliwack, B.C.

Puffer—Henderson—At Edmonton, on January 1st, 1926, Velma Bridget, daughter of Mr. M. J. Henderson, of Strathroy, Ont., and the late Mrs. Henderson, to Stanley Asa, LL.B. '22, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Puffer, of Lacombe, Alta. Mr. and Mrs. Puffer have made their home at Jasper.

Dawson—Reid—At Vancouver, on February 6th, 1926, Patricia, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. Forbes Reid, Shaughnessy Heights, to Mr. Stewart Dawson, B.Sc. '24.

BIRTHS

Ower—At Edmonton, on February 8th, 1926, to Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Ower, a son.

Burt—At Edmonton, on January 15th, 1926, to Prof. and Mrs. Burt, a daughter, Joan Elizabeth.

Hart—At Edmonton, on December 22nd, to Rev. and Mrs. T. Hart, a son, John.

Buckingham—At Calgary, on Feb. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Buckingham, a daughter, Auril Daisy.

Clarke—At Vancouver, on Feb. 1, to Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Clarke, a son.

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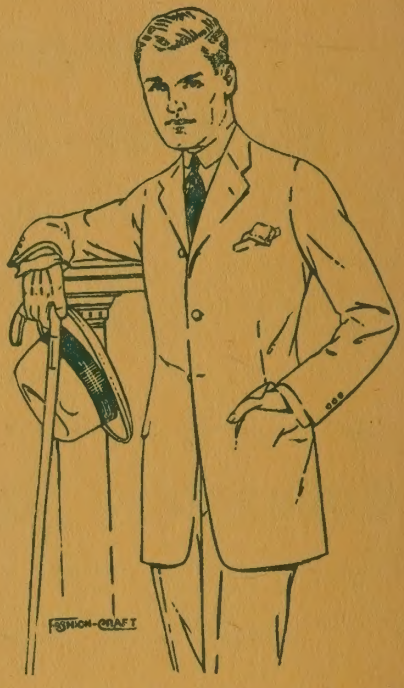

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